

What Is Love by inSarahslife

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Summary:

The reader and Eleven surprise Hopper with dinner. Eleven has some questions about love for the reader.

What Is Love

Two knocks. Pause. One knock. Pause. Three knocks. The sound of the locks coming off their track could be heard before the door opened. Quickly closing the door behind you and locking it, you gazed around the cabin to see if Eleven was around anywhere. After you set the bags down on the table and you walked up to her bedroom door.

“Hey, El, it’s Y/N, I went to the store after work and got a few things. You wanna help me make dinner?” You asked hopefully, trying to hold a relationship with your boyfriends secret pretty much daughter. He was hiding her to protect her from the men at the lab and you were never more proud of the man you loved. Him and Eleven were as thick as thieves, you and Hop were obviously close, it only made sense to try and get close to Eleven.

“Help make dinner?” The young teenager repeated, the door now open and she was staring up at you with her classic deer in the headlights look.

“Yeah, I was thinking of making some lasagna for us tonight. But, I could really use your help.” She looked back unsurely of what you meant by help. “It’s fun, come on.” You turned and walked back into the kitchen with her following behind a moment later. You started going through the bags, putting away what needed to go away and keeping out the ingredients for the lasagna.

El stared intently at the now open box of noodles that were in front of her. She grabbed a noodle and examined it for a moment before bringing it up to her mouth.

“No, sweetie,” You pulled the noodle away from her mouth. “We have to cook those first. Here,” You grabbed a pan, setting it on the stove you adjusted the knob to the correct temperature. “I’ll put the ground meat in this pan and you can brown it. That means all you have to do is make sure that the red meat turns brown. You can use this spoon to break it up so it’s not all clumped together.” You dumped the container of ground meat on the pan.

“Noodle, sauce, cheese, meat.” El slowly repeated the instructions that you had given her, pointing at each ingredient to double check that it was correct once the meat and noodles were ready.

“Yep, you got it.” You smiled warmly at her. She apprehensively grabbed the noodles and laid them on the sauce that was at the bottom of the pan. Once placing it on the sauce her eyes darted back to me unsure if she was doing it properly. “Good job,” A smile formed on her lips.

“Y/N...” El started a few minutes after you two had put the dish in the oven.

“Yeah?”

“What is...love?” She looked up to you and waited for your answer. How the fuck were you supposed to explain love to a fourteen year old kid who didn’t really know any social aspects of society.

“Love is...” You thought for a second how to word it. “A feeling that you get about someone else or something else. Someone that you care about and would do anything for. There are different kinds of love though. There’s love when you love your friends and family, where you’ve been through the best of times and the worst of times with. They’re the people you would want to be with when things go bad for you. You’re there for them and they’re there for you. Then there is romantic love. That’s where you have a friend, your best friend, but you like them more than a friend. Your heart races when you’re with them, they can make you smile when you don’t want to smile. All you want to do is hug, kiss, and be with them. You accept them for the things that you may not really like about them or that they don’t like. When you’re old enough and in love with someone, you can start a family with them It’s what everyone lives for. It’s one of the best feelings in the world”

“Do you love Jim?” She questioned, trying to get a fuller

understanding of it.

“Of course I do. I’ve never been happier with anyone else. He’s the most caring and brave man that I’ve ever met. He’s been through so much heartache in his life that I’m so grateful that he hasn’t given up on anything. A lot of people would have given up if they were in his shoes. I’m so proud of everything he does, not only for me, but for you. It may not seem like it now, but he does care a lot about you. He doesn’t want anything bad to happen to you, ever, so he’s doing the best he can to protect you from all that. You’re like a daughter to him.” You confessed to her, praying that it all clicked in her head. You knew that she was having some trouble being confined to the cabin.

“I’m a daughter to him?” She paused, her thoughts catching up with her. “Is he...my dad?”

“You don’t have to share blood to be family.” You told her. Her face stared back quizzically, still not understanding. “The thing that makes family family is their blood, it’s all the same. But, you don’t have to have the same blood to be family.”

“Like Jim and I.” El connected the pieces. “Does that make you my mom?”

“Oh, I, uh--” You were interrupted by the secret knock indicating that Hopper was home. You got up to go unlock the door and open it for him. A smile was instantly put on his face while he walked in and gave you a welcoming kiss. It’d been a few days since you were over there and he missed having you around.

“Hello, darling,” He cockily greeted you. “Hey there, kiddo! What’s that smell?” He went into the kitchen to investigate the smell.

“Lasagna.” El informed him. Jim’s eyes went from Eleven to you.

“You made dinner for us?” He asked you looking slightly taken aback.

“I only made the noodles and worked the appliances. El did everything else.” He gazed at Eleven with a proud grin.

"I can't wait to taste it. She makes killer Eggos, so the lasagna is gonna be the same way." He went over and gave her a hug and held her tight making your heart melt at the sight.

"It should be ready in about five minutes." You noted after opening the oven to check on it.

"Kid, why don't you go get cleaned up for dinner. Y/N and I will get everything ready." El nodded and made her way into the bathroom leaving you and Hopper alone for a few minutes.

Once the door shut, his arms went around you, bringing you close until your hips were pressed up against each others. You smiled up him and stood on your tiptoes to kiss him. He brought his hand up to push stray hair behind your ear. His thumb was trailing along your jawline to keep brushing against your bottom lip.

"What did I ever do to deserve you?" He pondered aloud.

"I love you," You told him, giving him another kiss. This one was longer and more affectionate. His hands were roaming your back and yours went to get lost in his hair. The timer on the oven went off making you pull apart from him much to his dismay.

"You're gonna kiss me like that, then leave me?" He feigned being upset while you pulled the oven mitts on your hands to get the food from the oven.

"We can finish later, I promise." You smirked at him. "Until then, just sit and relax, dinner is coming right up." He rolled his eyes and began to set the table for the meal. Eleven soon came out of the bathroom and we were all ready to taste her food.

"Okay," Jim's eyes were going to El and you. "On the count of three. One...two...three!" The three of you shoveled a scoop of lasagna into your mouths.

"This is better than when I make it!" You confessed after swallowing the food.

"Eleven, this might just be the tastiest damn thing I've ever had. I love it!" Hopper exclaimed making her grin.

“It’s good. Very good!” El concurred.

After your shower you headed to Jim’s room with the towel wrapped around your body. He was reading El a bedtime story while you got ready for bed. You grabbed a pair of panties from your drawer of his dresser and slid them up your legs. Throwing the towel aside, you put on a long sleeved shirt of his and a pair of shorts. Sighing, you absentmindedly ran your hands over your smooth legs waiting for him to come back. As if on cue he opened the bedroom door and closed it behind him. You smiled at him while he flopped down on the bed with you. His smile failed to match his eyes when he looked at you.

“What’s wrong, Jim?” You asked him, scooting closer to him.

“It’s nothing.” He shrugged it off before running his hand up your leg like you had been doing previously. He was trying to avoid the question. But, if there was one thing you knew about Jim Hopper is that when something is bothering him, it really bothers the crap out of him.

“Hop?” You pressed again looking directly in his eyes.

“It’s El,” He muttered.

“What happened?”

“Did you, uh, did you talk to her earlier?”

“Yeah I did. She asked about love and I explained it to her.” You told him.

“Anything else?”

“I told her how much I loved you.” You added.

“Y/N, she called me ‘dad’.” He whispered and swallowed the lump in his throat. He looked like he was happy, going to cry, and going to be sick all at the same time. His eyes held so much hurt in them.

“I told her that you loved her like a daughter.” He sighed and closed his eyes for a moment. “Look, Jim, I don’t care what you think, you do love that girl.”

“I know I do.” He stopped you from continuing. “I just...I don’t know. It feels like I’m trying to replace Sara with her and I feel so damn guilty about it. I mean, I love my little girl to the moon and back...” He trailed off, trying his hardest to not cry. You sat up and rubbed his arm empathetically.

“You’re not replacing Sara, I promise you that. She would be so proud of you for what you’re doing with El. It’s okay to have people you love other than her. Eleven is so lucky to have someone as caring as you. You hardly knew the girl when you brought her in, but you didn’t care. You could have left her out in the cold for Brenner to find her. You didn’t. You are a good man, Hop, and you know that.” You assured him with honesty dripping off each word. He stared back up at you and gave you a loving kiss.

“You always know the right things to say.”

“That’s because I know you.” You chuckled. “And I know right now, you want to be having some adult fun with me right now.”

“I love you so much!” He laughed and went in for a passionate kiss, pushing you back to lay down on the bed with him above you. “Now, let me show you how much I love you.” His lips went to your jawline and began making their way down your body showing how much he did love you.

Author's Note:

if anyone has any requests, feel free to ask for one!!
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